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THE

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May 4, 1917

MON AMI PIERROT

MON AMI PIERROT

SONGS AND FANTASIES

COMPILED BY
KENDALL BANNING

CHICAGO
BROTHERS OF THE BOOK
1917

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DOROTHY BANNING

To you, Pierrette, whose garden close
With love is made replete,
I bring these flowers of other loves
To set before your feet.
If art be long and song endure,
Yet youth be passing fleet.
So love's own rose must have its thorns,—
But is the rose not sweet?

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FOREWORD

Pierrot made his first appearance many centuries ago in the folklore of Italy. Half human and half fairy, he combined in his whimsical self many of the virtues and the frailties of the two worlds whence he came. His fame was spread in song and legend until he became a character in the early puppet shows,—the forerunner of the modern drama,—where he still disports himself in white-faced pantomime, the father of all good clowns.

In his train followed a fantastic galaxy of grotesques, including Punchinello, who still plies his conscienceless slapstick in the Punch and Judy show to which he gave his name; the nimble Harlequin, whose antics still delight the little folk in his modern guise of the jumping jack; the periwigged Pantaloon, who still springs fearfully from the confines of the Christmas jack-in-the-box; the swaggering Scaramouche; and the dainty Columbine and Pierrette.

A phantom of moonlight and music, Pierrot has been the inspiration of many a quaint folk tale of Italy and France. A mischievous dodger among the chimney pots by night, a half merry, half melancholy little lad above whose head ever hovers the halo of a lost love, a singer of plaintive serenades to Milady, who eludes him playfully amid the dim shadows of the garden, Pierrot has come to be the fanciful playfellow of children and lovers; and as such, he is destined to live in the sanctuary of dreams where fairies still abide and where romance is ever new.

This is, most fortunately, an era of highly decorative posters, magazine covers, and advertisements. Monsieur Poiret of Paris, Monsieur Leon Bakst, and the Russian ballet have all influenced modern decoration and converted what used to be the most conventional picturings into delightful excursions in realms of colorful unreality. Across the black backgrounds so markedly prevalent in this phase of art, one is continually being struck by the presence of a white Pierrot. The Pierrot "owns" a certain field. He is flitting across posters and enlivening the covers of monthlies and is more before the public than perhaps ever before. Why is this? Not only, one feels, because in the popular mind he has come conveniently to symbolize festivity and lightness of heart, and turned exponent of cabaret-show gaiety, a one-stepping, uncrowned king of the Great White Way. There is something more behind his perpetual figuring against those orange-mooned black backgrounds; some spiritual reason for his haunting of so many artists' minds.

What, then, is his meaning? A thing very far removed, surely, from the general conception of him as a clown with a slight French accent. The clown, indeed, is his descendant, but a descendant who has lost the grace and poetry of his forefather, and knows not his patrician aloofness nor the light yet persistent elusiveness of his ways. The clown, when his beating of the drum is done, will scrub his paint off, one knows, and hie him speedily to the corner tavern, there to eat

cabbage soup and joke with his plebian acquaintance. Not so Pierrot. When his day is finished, wandering through moonlit aristocratic gardens he drinks for nourishment the dew from the bay-leaves, and soothes his empty stomach with the sweepings of his everlasting guitar strings. Perhaps he draws his worn black velvet cloak a little closer about him as the chill of the evening breeze strikes through the floating white of his blouse. But he saunters on with a careless ease and a real delight at the beauty of the solitary kingdom which is his, and the moon shines kindly for him as for her favorite child.

"Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot. . . ."

A creature of song and moonlight, his appeal is to the fantastic in us, and down the ages he has sung his way through art and poetry, the representative of airy countries of imagination, the laughing, pirouetting opponent of deadly reality. Born of Italian comedy and drifting across to the France of Watteau and Pater, he is a Latin product, how profoundly un-Anglo-Saxon the most summary inquiry into his character would reveal. For life is to him frankly but an experience, and his only morality is courage, the courage to laugh and weep and sing when the spirit moves him, and to tell the truth as to what he sees; and for the rest he is not averse to pleasure or the playing of merry tricks at the expense of bourgeois virtue or Philistine respectability. He is the scaler of walls, the adventurer by night, who travels on tiptoe with a finger at his lips. He is the strummer of dissonances under worthy win-

dows, the cock-crower before the dawn, the stealthy smasher of the watchman's lantern. He is the sly friend of little children, beckoning merrily to them from leafy distances and bringing them bright-hued butterflies delicately pinched between his bony fingers.

So much for the lighter aspects of his tradition. But there is a darker and less universally recognized element in his legend, and one which goes far toward making his meaning more evident.

If we will, we can catch a first glimpse of it in Watteau's treatment of him. For Watteau gives him to us grave, heavy, immovable, always posed a little apart from other figures that may be in the picture, as when in "Gilles," for instance, he stands with drooping arms, his back to his companions, relieved of the necessity for grins and grimaces, plunged in a sphinx-like and philosophical calm. An uncharacteristic pose, we would say, and leaving us oddly disturbed by its wooden solemnity.

Aubrey Beardsley takes him from the canvases of eighteenth century France, and, far from reassuring us, makes him very consciously grotesque and unreal and corpse-like in the decorative exquisiteness of his black and white. And finally Paul Verlaine, conceiving him in much the same vein as did Beardsley, gives us that clue to his significance which we have been so long looking for. Emphasizing the melancholy which lurks behind his insolent grin, pointing out with what irrevocableness the footlights separate him from the applauding crowds, indicating his freezing of mad and ridiculed passion into mask-like stolidity—these things

which Watteau only hinted at—Verlaine has at last revealed the Pierrot to be the true symbol of the artist, the eternal player on the guitar, the creature who, by the fantastic grotesqueness of his costume and the unnatural bedaubing of his face, as much as by his innate proclivity for song, must be and continue to be different and detached and solitary among men.

"Ridi, Pagliacci"—Leoncavallo, somewhat cheaply, caught the idea. But Verlaine has said it once and for all in his astounding poem "The Grotesques."

> The wise man indignantly harangues them,
> The dullard pities such rash fools,
> Children stick their tongues out at them,
> And women turn and mock at them.
>
> Over their bitter instruments
> Clawing with untrammeled hands,
> They whine strange,
> Nostalgic, and revolted songs.
>
> For in their eyes
> Laughs and cries—fastidious—
> The love of eternal things,
> Of the long-dead, and the ancient gods.

Perhaps, then, living in an age whose preoccupation is not primarily an esthetic one, it is with a curious subconscious sense of what he represents that those who are creators of beauty among us turn to the Pierrot and rally around the standard of his gossamer personality. Perhaps it is that they throw his graceful irresponsibility half-defiantly in the face of material progress, and praise the careless charm of his ways as a challenge

to utilitarianism. Who knows? And in their pity, perhaps; in their sense of his solitude, of the fatigue as of a tired child that they guess at behind his jauntiness, of the fundamental melancholy which haunts his melodious path through the universe—a solitude, a fatigue, and a melancholy which they have felt themselves since they themselves are of his kin—they are echoing Paul Verlaine's vision of this eternal singer's isolation:

He is not the moonlit dreamer of the old song—
His gaiety, like his candle, alas, is dead;
His spectre haunts us to-day, tall and thin and white,—
And see, how in the shock of a lightning flash
His pale garment, blown by the cold wind,
    Seems like a shroud—
With the sound of a flock of passing birds in the night,
His white sleeves wave vaguely through the emptiness,
    Mad signals which no one answers.

—MARY CASS CANFIELD

MON AMI PIERROT

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

Au clair de la lune
Mon ami Pierrot
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu,
Ouvre-moi ta porte,
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

Au clair de la lune
Pierrot répondit:
Je n'ai pas de plume,
Je suis dans mon lit.
Va chez la voisine,
Je croix qu'elle y est,
Car dans sa caissine
On bat le briquet.

Au clair de la lune
L'aimable Lubin
Frappe chez la brune;
Ell'répond soudain:
Qui frapp' de la sorte?
Il dit à son tour:
Ouvrez votre porte,
Pour le dieu d'amour.

Au clair de la lune
On n'y voit qu'un peu.
On chercha la plume,
On chercha du feu.
En cherchant d'la sorte,
Je n'sais c'qu'on trouva,
Mais j'sais que la porte
Sur eux se ferma.

—Old French

THE BIRTH OF PIERROT

Was it a bird that sang?—was it the plash
    Of silvery water—that awakened me?
It seemed that at the dark wood's edge, some flash
    Of moonlight set my soul from prison free;
And all the grim primeval memories
    Of cruel strife, of loveless hearts that groped
In caves and gloom, shook off some long disease
    And, springing forth, my heart took flower, and hoped.
Now down the world I run—a fugitive,
    Tapping in snows upon your window-pane.
Or laughing in the sunlit showers that give
    The April blossoms to the hills again.
I am half faun, half angel, butterfly!
    The lover sees me flitting o'er the hill—
Ah, well he knows it is no flower—but I,
    Pierrot—the springtime with its thrill!
She at her casement leaning hears my song
    Awhisper down the trellis, rose to rose.
I am the moonbeam there that lingers long
    To light his face in dreams to her repose.
Yea, I am all the wit and laughter faint
    Of all the world!—the gleam of light and art—
Prince Fantasy—the sinner and the saint,
    The child-philosopher in every heart!
Passing, I yet remain in memory,
    So all I touch again grows glad and young;
My blossom-wand I wave!—again shall be
    The dance of youths and maids, and music sung!

—*Thomas Walsh*

A WATTEAU MELODY

Oh, let me take your lily hand,
And where the secret starbeams shine
Draw near, to see and understand
Pierrot and Columbine.

Around the fountains in the dew,
Where afternoon melts into night,
With gracious mirth their gracious crew
Entice the shy birds of delight.

Of motly dress and maskèd face,
Of sparkling unrevealing eyes,
They track in gentle, aimless chase
The moment as it flies.

Their delicate beribboned rout,
Gallant and fair, of light intent,
Weaves through the shadows in and out
With infinite artful merriment.

* * * * * *

Dear lady of the lily hand,
Do then our stars so clearly shine
That we, who do not understand,
May mock Pierrot and Columbine?

Beyond the garden-grove I see
The wise, the noble and the brave
In ultimate futility
Go down into the grave.

And all they dreamed and all they sought,
Crumbled and ashen grown, departs;
And is as if they had not wrought
These works with blood from out their hearts.

The nations fall, the faiths decay,
The great philosophies go by,—
And life lies bare, some bitter day,
A charnel that affronts the sky.

The wise, the noble and the brave,—
They saw and solved, as we must see
And solve, the universal grave,
The ultimate futility.

* * * * * *

Look, where beside the garden pool
A Venus rises in the grove,
More suave, more debonair, more cool
Than ever burned with Paphian love.

'Twas here the delicate ribboned rout
Of gallants and the fair ones went
Among the shadows in and out
With infinite artful merriment.

Then let me take your lily hand,
And let us tread, where starbeams shine,
A dance; and be, and understand
Pierrot and Columbine.

—*Arthur Davison Ficke*

PIERROT APPRAISES HIS FRIENDS

Humbly our names have come to live,
    Like some desire
That the cold world must needs forgive—
    Shadows of fire.

Our names are but as Harlequin,
    As Columbine,
Or Scaramouche, whose gargoyle grin
    Is most divine.

Pierrette? Shall not the whole world round
    Still love her well,
After the years lose heart—and sound
    The passing bell?

Upon the altar of her own
    Frail self is laid
Shyly this gift—the giver grown
    Somewhat afraid.

When my curbed passion is becalmed,
    May, for all time,
Her elvish grace not be emblamed
    In gracious rhyme?

May she not be forever dear,
    Heroic, vain—
Something exquisite as a tear,
    Shed of disdain?

Sharing with Columbine the crown,
    In our poor crowd,
Her dream of riches and renown
    Is to be proud.

Pierrette! It turns my vision gray
To muse and know
That presently must come a day
For her to go.

She shall have gone from us and Rome,
But, seen afar,
Shining in spirit, may become
The evening star.

—*William Griffith*

PIERROT AND THE MOON MAIDEN

(The Maiden) What is love?
Is it a folly,
Is it mirth, or melancholy?
Joys above,
Are there many, or not any?
What is love?

(Pierrot) If you please,
A most sweet folly!
Full of mirth and melancholy—
Both of these!
In its sadness worth all gladness,
If you please.

(The Maiden) Prithee where
Goes love a-hiding?
Is he long in his abiding
Anywhere?
Can you bind him when you find him;
Prithee, where?

(Pierrot) With spring days
Love comes and dallies;
Upon the mountains, through the valleys,
Lie love's ways;
Then he leaves you, and deceives you
In spring days.

—*Ernest Dowson*

BY LANTERN LIGHT

A whisper in the shadow,
    A glance by lantern light,
A pressure of the fingers
    Beneath the stars of night.
Ah, memories of Pierrot
    Will linger on . . . And yet
Perchance *he* will remember,
    And Columbine forget!

A dance, a strain of music,
    A laugh, a roundelay;
A dream amid the roses,
    A kiss—and then away!
Ah, Columbine, the picture
    Will linger on . . . . And yet
Perchance *she* will remember,
    And Pierrot will forget!

—*Kendall Banning*

PIERROT'S HOUSE

I

A street that's neither grand nor poor;
    A number quite unknown to fame;
    Stairs; then a door without a name;
Then lodgings where content is sure;

An air of luring quietude;
    A littered table; notes, and scraps
    Of writing—poetry perhaps;
Mirror and window panes smoke-blued;

Pictures; a shelf of books; a tray
    Of glasses, and a plate or two;
    Some silver old; some journals new;
Roses; a dancing girl in clay;

A shrine; a béret; one sabot;
    Wine; cigarettes; a mask; a fan;
    A Persian rug; a deep divan;
Repose and joy. Here lives Pierrot.

II

All day I keep my vigil here,
    My day-dream, until dusk draws down,
    And out of the great noise of town
Expected eager steps draw near.

And then the shadow I pursue
    Grows substance; beauty, voice and touch,
    I have so longed for, loved so much,
Dawn on me, and the dream comes true.

III

Come in, come in, sweetheart of mine,
    And let the crazy world go by
    With blare and dust and pageantry!
For here are books and love and wine.

The good God here has made a place
    Where it is good for us to be,
    And given it to you and me.
Lift up that merry little face!

IV

Go by, go by, you slaving throngs,
    With heavy footsteps and sad eyes,
    And never guess what paradise
To one improvident belongs!

For we have eaten of the fruit
    Of Knowledge, and know good from ill;
    And we have chosen love; while still
The joyless argue and dispute.

Tut, tut! What is this idle prate
    Of "duty" and of "circumstance,"
    Of "if" and "but," and "means" and "chance?"
But love, and love will make you great.

V

There is a corner of the room
    Where all his mistress' garments be,
    Hung up in order daintily,
Breathing faint odors through the gloom.

Ah, friends, for you your gardens wide,
    Where you may walk the world away
    In a long, meditative day,
With phlox and rose on either side.

He chooses the seclusion dim
    Of four walls and a door that locks,
    Where fairer things than rose or phlox
Bloom in the scented dusk for him.

VI

When old romance and moonlight lie
    On every city square and tree,
    The moonflower, Pierrette, is she;
Her lover moon, Pierrot, am I.

Children of beauty and of night,
    We lie awake and babble tales
    Of love, until the moonshine fails
And slumber seals our happy plight.

VII

Here lives the innocent Pierrot;
    Freedom and beauty all he asks.
    For love will guide his joyous tasks,
And truth is all that he would know.

—Bliss Carman

PIERROT

Pierrot stands in the garden,
    Beneath the waning moon,
And on his lute he fashions
    A little silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
    He thinks he plays to me.
But I am quite forgotten,
    Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
    And all the roses know,
That Pierrot loves his music,
    But I,—I love Pierrot.

—*Sara Teasdale*

CLAIR DE LUNE

Your soul is as a moonlit landscape fair,
    Peopled with maskers delicate and dim,
That play on lutes and dance and have an air
    Of being sad in their fantastic trim.

The while they celebrate in minor strain
    Triumphant love, effective enterprise,
They have an air of knowing all is vain,—
    And through the quiet moonlight their songs rise.

The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
    That makes to dream the birds upon the tree,
And in their polished basins of white stone
    The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.

—Paul Verlaine
Translation by Gertrude Hall

AT COLUMBINE'S WINDOW

The moonlight to her window-sill
Clung like a tendrilled vine
That trembles though the wind is still,
And through the night's decline,
Stole Pierrot by the blossomed hedge,
To sing to Columbine.

Beneath her lattice, where the rose
Reached up to find her hand,
He waited in the garden close
As some white ghost might stand;
The twinkle of his mandolin
Was wave on shell-strewn sand.

His voice was like a bird that beat
Against her latticed pane;
His mandolin held all the sweet
Insistence of the rain
That whispers to the drooping rose
To rise and bloom again.

"*Gold o' the moon, you are all mine, all mine,*
The while I touch the hair of Columbine!
Stars o' the sky, you are all mine, all mine,
The while I watch the eyes of Columbine!
Rose o' the world, you are all mine, all mine,
The while I taste the lips of Columbine!
But while, sweetheart, you sleep and these deny,
Nor gold, nor stars, nor any rose have I."

The curtain at her window-sill
Quivered and stirred apace,
As one who felt her fingers thrill;
And through the narrow space
The voice of Columbine fell down
Like rose leaves on his face.

"Gold o' the moon, for him how can it be
Who stands within its glow, and will not see!
Stars o' the sky, how can he find them fair
Who will not lift his eyes to seek them there?
Rose o' the world, how may he know its power
Who will not dare the thorn to wear the flower?"

The moonlight on her window-sill
Bent low to lift him high;
The roses of their tender will
Were hands to help him by;
The tender arms of Columbine
Were wings that he might fly.

* * *

The sudden sun danced up the lawn,
The wind came keen and fine;
One singing through the hedge has gone
Against the sunrise line;
And on his lips, like some red rose,
The kiss of Columbine!

—*Theodosia Garrison*

THE STAY-AT-HOME

I have waited, I have longed,
    I have longed as none can know,
All my spring and summer time,
    For this day to come and go;
And the foolish heart was mine,
Dreaming I would see them shine,—
Harlequin and Columbine
And Pierrot!

Now the laughing has gone by,
    On the highway from the inn;
And the dust has settled down,
    And the house is dead within.
And I stay—who never go—
Looking out upon the snow,
Columbine and Pierrot
And Harlequin!

All the rainbow things you see
    Understream are not so fine;
And their voices weave and cling
    Like my honeysuckle vine,
Lovely as a violin!—
Mellow gold and silver-thin:
Pierrot and Harlequin
And Columbine!

Oh, the people that have seen,
    They forget that it was so!
They, who never stay at home,
    Say, "'Tis nothing but a show."
—And I keep the passion in:
And I bide; and I spin.
Columbine . . . Harlequin
. . . Pierrot!

—Josephine Preston Peabody

PANTOMIME

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un cœur dans la brise
Et d' entendre en son cœur des voix.

—Paul Verlaine

PIERROT PLAYS

He plays in the moonlight, a phantom-like thing—
This happiest, fair Pierrot—
And moonbeams create him a silver-robed king—
This pallid, this rare Pierrot.

'Midst trees that the Autumn has laden with gloom,
This dancing, this pale Pierrot
Has woven a carpet of moonsilver bloom—
This fanciful, frail Pierrot.

In sunshine or rain he dances away—
This wondering, mad Pierrot—
And makes of the grayest a festival day—
This lonely, this glad Pierrot.

A-quiver Time halts in his hastening tread—
Oh, youthful and blithe Pierrot—
And watches the toss of the beauty-mad head—
Oh, fearless, oh, lithe Pierrot.

The world in its wondering ceases to race—
Fantastical, light Pierrot—
And labor turns love in this dream-builded place—
Oh, magical, white Pierrot.

—*Stuart Walker*

THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS

Swift through some trap mine eyes have never found,
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of sleep,
Thou, quaint Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
Upon my spirit's stage. Then sight and sound,
Then space and time, then language, mete and bound,
And all familiar forms that firm keep
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
Betwixt the legs, and work the daily round.
Yet thou canst more than mock; sometimes my tears
At midnight break through boundary lids—a sign
Thou hast a heart; and oft thy little leaven
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
I think thou 'rt Jester of the Court of Heaven!

—*Sidney Lanier*

PIERROT'S SONG

(For a picture by Dugald Stewart Walker)

Lady, light in the east hangs low,
    Draw your veils of dream apart,
Under the casement stands Pierrot
    Making a song to ease his heart.
(Yet do not break the song too soon—
    I love to sing in the paling moon.)

The petals are falling, heavy with dew,
    The stars have fainted out of the sky,
Come to me, come, or else I too,
    Faint with the weight of love, will die.
(She comes—alas, I hoped to make
    Another stanza for her sake!)

—Sara Teasdale

AFTER WATTEAU

To F. W.

"*Embarquons-nous!*" I seem to go
Against my will. 'Neath alleys low
I bend and hear across the air—
Across the stream—faint music rare,—
Whose "*cornemuse*," whose "*chalumeau*"?

Hark! Was not that a laugh I know?
Who was it, hurrying, turned to show
The galley swinging by the stair?—
"*Embarquons-nous!*"

The silk sail flaps, light breezes blow;
Frail laces flutter, satins flow;
You, with the love-knot in your hair,
"*Allons, embarquons pour Cythère*";
You will not? Press her, then, Pierrot,—
Embarquons-nous!"

—*Austin Dobson*

THE ROSE

Beneath my chamber window
Pierrot was singing, singing;
I heard his lute the whole night through
Until the east was red.
Alas, alas, Pierrot,
I had no rose for flinging
Save one that drank my tears for dew
Before its leaves were dead.

I found it in the darkness,
I kissed it once and threw it,
The petals scattered over him,
His song was turned to joy;
And he will never know—
Alas, the one who threw it!—
The rose was plucked when dusk was dim
Beside a laughing boy.

—*Sara Teasdale*

PIERROT AND THE PEACOCK'S FEATHER

Friends,—I am weary of the carnival,
I who have danced and worn a mask and smiled,
I, who have lately with my mirth beguiled
That old bore, Time,—I weary of it all . . .

(*He stares on the peacock feather that he carries.*)

This is a vanity; some glorious bird
Once wore it proudly in a farmer's yard,
As you, Madame, those jewels that you guard,
Or you, M'sieu, your dignities absurd.

Why I, myself, who laugh at all the world,
Have strutted too; I wrapped myself one day
In a fine cloak of love and went my way
Proud as a peacock with its tail unfurled . . .

Love is a woof that wears to tatters soon
When worn too constantly, my friends, and so
You see me, droll and weary, me—Pierrot—
Lurking beneath the casement of the moon . . .

Oh ho! I will go talk to Columbine
And put the peacock's feather in her hair,
And draw my red balloon along the air,—
And fill my lily's chalice with gold wine . . .

—*Zoë Akins*

THE HIGH MOON-DIAL

Along a leafy aisle they go.
The castle walls of Bergamot
Give back the glamor of the songs
Of Pierrette and Pierrot.

The fleet hours go and they but smile,
Time passes but they flute the while,
They are not troubled by the change
Of shadows on the high moon-dial.

Can we not sing? Can we not go
Free of the world to Bergamot?
Alas, you are not Pierrette,
Alas, I am not Pierrot.

—*Hugh Ferriss*

AT A PANTOMIME

Dance light, little maid, in your old time gown,
In your high-heeled slippers and powdered hair,
Small wonder King Louis returned to look,
If the real marquise was but half so fair.

With outstretched, patient, beseeching hands,
Poor Pierrot follows you through the world,
And you care less for his hopeless love,
Than for one bright lock on your white brow curled.

Would you treat one so—if the play were real,
Or is gay coquetry part of the dress,
With the satin slippers and silken train,
And laces light as your lip's caress?

The years are swift and the play is short,
But jest and earnest may oft times meet,
And in jest or earnest I pray you, dear,
Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet.

—Grace Goodale

PIERROT THE URCHIN

This is not Pierrot on the green;
Vague Pierrot, sporting half unseen,
    'Tis Pierrot, Pierrot, Pierrot.
Pierrot, the urchin; madcap he,
Stripped of his mask and mimicry—
    Ah, Pierrot, Pierrot, Pierrot!

Although no bigger than a mite
The rascal's eyes are all alight;
    With sparks of steel they're flaming.
They dance with demon lights, it seems;
They leap with sudden, scornful gleams
    For a gay poet's shaming.

Lips red as wounds, whose scarlet pout
Is slumberous luxury's redoubt;
    Face fair as lily's lining
And splendid, although somewhat wan;
Such face as loves to gaze upon
    The golden things and shining.

Supple and lithe his girlish form;
Voice soft and, like a woman's, warm;
    Mature his form, though elfish.
His thrilling tone, his raiment gay
Proclaim a lover seeking aye
    To sate each pleasure selfish.

Go, brother, comrade, where they teem
And play the devil; seek thy dream
    Where'er thou wilt—thy Pierrettes—
And be the soul, unscrupulous,
High, noble, lively, infamous,
    Of these our simple spirits.

Grow, scapegrace, others are not shy;
Thy bitter riches multiply;
    Enhance thy reputation,
Thy virtue and thy people's love.
Thy grimace is the symbol of
    Our simple congregation.

—*Paul Verlaine*
Translation by Vincent Starrett

PIERROT'S PHILOSOPHY

Where are you going, dressed in white,
Pierrot, Pierrot,
Since Pierrette has deceived you quite?
Tira, tiri, tira!
"I go to visit Columbine,"
Said Pierrot, Pierrot,
"To mend this broken heart of mine,
Tira, tiri, tira!"

The story is not new,
It may apply to you;
If sweethearts will deceive
Why, hang it, do not care, oh! hang it, do not grieve,
But—imitate Pierrot.

If Columbine should jilt you,
Pierrot, Pierrot,
In heaven's name, what would you do?
Tira, tiri, tira!
"Then to another girl I'll go,"
Said Pierrot, Pierrot,
"She surely will console Pierrot,
Tira, tiri, tira!"

—*William Theodore Peters*

THE SONG OF PIERROT

I met Pierrot once very long ago.
(Heigho! Young Pierrot)!
All the trees were glad with leaves, and little birds arow,
All the winds were blowing sweet with flowers they had swept,
Oh, Pierrot was singing gay to match the world that leapt.
"Hey!" I said, and "Ho!" I said, "Take rest a bit from song!
This is merry summer, lad! Take rest while days are long!"
"Nay," he said, "In merry times you would not have me sad?
I must pick my lute," he said, "to tell the world 'tis glad!"
And off he went adown the road a-singing out like mad—
Heigho, Pierrot!

I met Pierrot afoot not long ago.
(Heigho! Old Pierrot)!
Bent he was and old he was, and scarce his lute would go;
All the world was dun with frost and leaves were black with fall,
But old Pierrot sang down the road and would not mind at all!
"Hey!" I said, and "Ho!" I said, "You are not singing still?
This our world's a winter place, and dark the days and chill!"
"Surely I must sing," he said, "till summer days come back,
I must cheer the folk," he said, "for all the world is black!"
And off he went a-singing down the weary winter track—
Heigho! Pierrot!

—*Margaret Widdemer*

HARLEQUIN

From the cat he steals his grace;
From the dog his whiskered face.
He has taken from the king
Of his purple robe a string;
From the Jew a bit of yellow;
From the Spring, this lawless fellow
Has purloined a bit of green,
And the whole, with a solemn mien,
He has made a garment gay
To wear upon a holiday.

'Round his waist a scarlet belt
Holds a slapstick, often felt.
On his feet are scarlet shoon;
With quicksilver—gay buffoon!—
They are lined and how they prance
In some ancient, pagan dance.
At his hat I laugh aloud:
Did he carve it from a cloud?
'Tis an organ-grinder's ape—
Yet how lithe his graceful shape.

Thus, attended like a king;
Skilful as a Jew; like Spring
Come with April's flowering bloom,
Hums he like a busy loom
Through the cities and the fields,
Seeking all that springtime yields;
Followed by coy Columbine,
Amorous and half divine,
Who, the more the monster beats,
More adores his knavish feats.

With what hideous flutterings,
Like a moth with painted wings,
Now he clasps her fluid charms
In his careless, cruel arms;
Courts, caresses, entertains,
In conquered and enchanted lanes,
Where Nature sleeps the Summer through
And lesser Gods make rendezvous,
'Til, tired of kissing, with a shrug,
He offers Toby's ugly mug—
C'est Harlequin!

—*Vincent Starrett*

From the prose of Théodore de Banville

THE HOME-COMING OF PIERRETTE

Whose foot-fall is it on the stair?
What sweet white spell
Is laid like perfume on the air,
Where we—we dwell?

A dear hand hovers at the door:
The gods begin
To open heaven more and more:
Come in—come in!

Since morning has she been away,
Whose absence makes
Each moment longer than a day
That never breaks.

Ah me! that she should ever fail
To gladden all
The poor place, like a nightingale,
At evenfall!

Blinded by star-dust in our eyes,
Do we regret
Our home is very near the skies?
Pierrette, Pierrette!

—*William Griffith*

AWAY, PIERROT!

What, again, Pierrot, to her lattice stealing,
As the day dawns full of sighs?
Do you hope, Pierrot, that your plaintive songs appealing
To that casement dark will rise?
Pierrot, Pierrot here on her pity calling
Have I sung the whole night long,
Nor e'er, nor e'er, soft from her lattice falling
Came a rose to greet the song.

Away, Pierrot! away, she will but flout you,
To so sad a lover she may well say nay.
Away Pierrot! let me sing on without you,
Tho' she send no token yet her eyes have spoken
And I love her! So—Pierrot away!

In your lute, Pierrot, are there ever songs of sorrow,
And no songs of love like mine?
You will sing your heart out long before the morrow,
Like the nightingale to pine.
Pierrot, Pierrot, the dew is heavy lying,
And the day will bring the rain,
But ne'er, but ne'er will she, to you replying,
Fling her lattice back again.

—*Thomas Wharton*

THE THEATRE-CURTAIN

What a happy folk are these—
That the artist's hand has wrought
On the curtain, gay as thought—
Light as folly, how they please!
And the play that lived behind
Passes, faint as any wind!
And we have not any mind
Save for these!

Ah—this theatre-curtain! Think awhile
How the faces on it smile!
How they dance,
Glance,
Shine!
Columbine

Leads her sportive pageant in
With Harlequin!

Gay Pierrot!
Sweet Pierrette!
We forget
What's the show
Till the lights go out, and lo!
Romeo!
And Juliet!

And the motley—gone at last!
All the gay,
Jesting throng
Fled away!

Following after
Went the laughter
And the past
Has their song!

Yet we know they'll come again—
That is sure!
Strange it is that in this world of men
'Tis our laughters that endure!
Only tears shall pass away,
Sorrow vanish, like the play!
When all's said and done there'll fall
A healing joy over all!

Even so!
Juliet weeps and Romeo
Faints and dies—
While following the voice of woe
Comes the singing of Pierrot,
And the laughter of Pierrette stops the sighs. . . .

Oh, the merriments of earth!
We do well—
When we dance, sing and smile!
Truly we were made for mirth!
And I love this painted throng!
Glad am I to know that after
This sad play will come the laughter
And the song.
And I thank the hand that wrought
Such delight with such a thought
That the theatre curtain falls
Bringing joy by the hand,
Singing dancers in a band—
And a voice none can withstand
Calls and calls—
Like a day
In sweet o' June!
I forget the inner breath,
Parting, fear, despair, and death,
And my own feet dance away
To the tune!

Dears, who painted here do dwell—
Flushed and gay, I love you well!
Oh, to bide as one of these!
I could dance as well as they,
Have my laughter and be gay!
And forget the strange old way
So beset with mysteries.

Columbine,
    The fine,
        And mocking—
Lifts her skirt and shows her stocking!
Sweetheart, fie! And foldero!
Maids and gallants in a row
    To the fair!
Oh, what are these whisperings,
Like a sigh that breathes and clings!
If the saddened heart of things
Breaks behind us, who's to care?
    I foreswear
Romeo and Juliet!
Rest ye, sweets! I must forget
How ye sorrowed when Pierrette
Whirls her timbrel in the air,
Dancing down to seek the fair.
How the motley crew comes prancing!
How they whirl and pirouette!
Gay Pierrot,
    Sweet Pierrette!
Swiftly glancing!
        I forget
Some one sorrowed! Is it so?
Peace, it was so long ago.
Prithee, pipe! And let's be dancing!
Faith! This world's a pleasant show!
Dears, I love it! Here we go!
(*But the heart break? Be it so.*)

Hi di di and tripping toe
All the way!
I will kiss thee, one, two, three—
An thou'lt give but one to me,
And be gay!
(*Romeo,*
Is it thine—this haunting fear?
This despair that breathes so near?
World-old sorrow
What dost thou here?)

'Tis tomorrow!
Sweet my dear—
Kiss!
(*Oh, hush thee, Juliet!*)
This—
Pierrette—
Is all I ask!
Motley and a singing mask,
And to forget!

—*Anna Hempstead Branch*

PIERROT IN AUTUMN

Why is thy heart so sad, Pierrot?
The leaf must fall, the Summer go,
And our bright world be given to snow,
Since the good God will have it so.

My heart is sad enough, Pierrette!
The Autumn days are warm, and yet
The world is like a house to let,
Empty of all things save regret.

Let not thy heart be sad, Pierrot!
The Spring will come, the Winter go,
And we be glad again, for woe
Is but joy's covering of snow.

Will some Toymaker, then, reset
Our fairy stageland for us yet,
And mend each broken marionette?
Where is our vanished friend, Pierrette?

—Bliss Carman

IN PIERROT'S GARDEN

* * * * *

These are my moths, a brooding slumber
Falls from their painted, placid wings,
The shifting dusk is white with their number,
They stir to the song one sings.

Into the heart of a poppy they hover,
Out of the purple, starlit night;
Ah, they are gone now, poppy and lover—
I am their short delight.

* * * * *

I wonder what the night can hold
Beyond the sea-blue, sloping boughs,
The heart of all the west is gold,
I wonder why it glows.

My thoughts lie heavy on my eyes,
I have so many dreams to dream,
So many little fantasies,
To solve and scheme.

They creep upon me unawares,
They flutter in and out my brain,
Each one finds housing in my prayers,
I hold them free from stain.

—*Samuel Loveman*

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

(For Félise, Countess von Moschzisker)

In the light of the moon
It is I, Pierrot,
Who shudder and swoon
Where the pale lilies blow;
Like a ghost at the lock
I rattle in dread;
The halls, where I knock,
Call out like the dead.

In the light of the moon
I send up my cry:
O love come soon
Or I sicken and die.
My candle is dead
And my fire grown cold.
With a vast, nameless dread
I am stricken and old.

In the light of the moon
I call and implore
O love come soon
To open the door;
O'er my eyes creeps a gloom
And faint grows my breath
And the lilies' perfume
Is heavy with death.

In the light of the moon
I weep all in vain,
And I shudder and swoon
With the vagueness of pain;
The faint stars are dimmed
In the gray of the sky,
And I ask the kind wind
And the wind answers: die.

—*Wilbur Underwood*

THE MEMORIES OF PIERROT

There was a morning when the April sun
    Tapped with soft fingers on the attic pane
    And fell on Pierrette's face like golden rain
That roused her ere her happy sleep was done.
And even so she woke him in this wise—
    Pierrot, who through his slumbers felt the stir
Of golden hair like shed sunbeams on his eyes,
And so waked smiling from a dream of her.

He heard her laugh before he saw her face—
    She danced beside him at the carnival,
Mirth-mad and masked, with jests for one and all,
A wind-swayed rose, a slender flame of grace;
And through his pleadings, plaintive, whimsical,
    Still she denied his eyes their right to see
    And mocked his patience, and then, suddenly,
Lifted her hand and let the velvet fall.
Only a little moment—then again
    Merry and masked she bade new revels start;
    But Pierrot stood in silence, and his heart
Thrilled with such ecstasy it stung like pain.

There was a day they parted angrily—
    The day she tossed the red rose from her hair
    Into another's hand, and did not care
But leaned and laughed where Pierrot frowned to see.
And all alone he climbed the creaking stair
    And sat in silence and with hidden face
    While the night fell, and all the lonely place
Yearned for her loveliness who was not there.
So light her hand upon the swinging door
    He might not guess whose coming threw it wide;
    So light her footstep as she sought his side
It fell as soft as moonlight on the floor.

Then brokenly, like music in his ears,
One sobbed his name, and as their kisses met
He thrilled and trembled, for her eyes were wet—
That was the night when first he knew her tears.

They went a-Maying when the Spring was new,
Leaving the noisy city streets behind,
But all the violets they bent to find
Hid shamed because her blue eyes were more blue.
And all the birds were mute the forest through,
And hushed their music with a jealous wit,
Knowing her laughter was more exquisite
And sweeter than the sweetest song they knew.
Alone he came to her and closed the door.
The pitiful, new neatness of the room
Was like a stranger's frown, and through the gloom,
Each one an anguish and a memory,
Ghost-like the garments that she one day wore
Stirred as he passed them with their old perfume.
Her caged bird called him from the window sill;
Still bloomed the little pot of mignonette
Upon the casement, all unwithered yet,
That seemed to give him welcome, and his heart
Broke newly as he listened—for how still,
How still she lay who last night was Pierrette!
All night he knelt beside her till the last
The far dawn lifted like white smoke upcurled;
Then from her hand as from a blossom furled,
Put roses upon roses, and so passed
Dry-eyed and silent to the empty world.

—*Theodosia Garrison*

PIERROT AT WAR

A year ago in Carnival
We danced till break of day;
A year ago in Carnival
The boulevards were gay;
And roses shook the whispering air
Like a great sibilant soft fanfare.

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes,
To the sound of fifes, and the sound of horns,
And the sound of little drums.

A year ago in Carnival
The lamps along the quays
Lay sweeter on the misty night
Than stars in leafy trees;
And down the ribboned sparkling street
Pierrot ran on twinkling feet.

Ah year! there is no Carnival!
The north burns dusky red,
And on the white of Pierrot's brow
Is a long scar instead;
While ever the muttering runs
From the bleeding lips of the guns.

This year, this year at Carnival
A Prince of Magic comes,
With blood-red crest against the sky
And a snarl of angry drums.

—Maxwell Struthers Burt

PIERROT WOUNDED

Pierrot has awakened, stricken in the night—
Wounded and stricken in the pale moonlight!
See, with the mud,
The crimson flood,
That, drop by drop, is fed by his young blood!
A thicket shields his bed upon the ground.
He will not listen to the cruel sound
Of shells on high,
That shrieking fly
And rend the sombre velvet of the sky.

Frail, in his soldier's cloak, as in the gay,
Poetic masquerade of yesterday,
A final boon
Of his loved moon
Poor Pierrot asks in plaintive roundelay:

"If, peradventure, in your silvern sheen
Slumbers Pierrette tonight, and you, unseen,
Touch tender-wise
Her tired eyes,
So that a dream of Pierrot may arise:
Ah, let her see me as the debonair,
Bohemian troubadour of days that were,
Drunk with the strong,
New wine of song,
Joyous withal, although love's fasts were long.

"For she will know her poet has been true
To the fair flag of red and white and blue.
A son of France,
Through all mischance,
He has been proud to be a soldier too."

Pierrot falls silent, as in sudden wrath
A bitter wind brings snowflakes from the North,
    Which, lightly pressed,
    Cradle to rest
The stricken one. . . . But, see! upon his breast
The crimson blood, still welling to the light,
Has wrought a symbol, mystical and bright!
    La croix de guerre
    The brave may wear
Shines forth against his shroud of purest white!

—*P. Alberti*

Translation by Walter Adolphe Roberts

GHOSTS

The chill air of midnight is sweet
With the scent of lilies,
Gleaming in the frozen moonlight
By the fountain.
The drip of the fountain
Is strange in the silence. . .
Alarming. . .
Or is it the fountain?
Ah no—
The stone Pierrot
Has wakened
And weeps of an ancient despair.
Or is it Pierrot?
Ah no . . no . . no . . .
My heart in the silence of midnight
Cries out in dispair
At sight of the ghost
Of the little Pierrot.

—*Martyn Johnson*

PIERROT CRUCIFIED

From what moon-meadow shall we cull
    The honey of Theocratis?
    Earth holds but little cheer for us,
    All tender blossoms dear to us
Life tramples like a maddened bull.
    Therefore thy mouth is amorous
    But of some strange red dream that was,
O infinitely beautiful,
    And infinitely piteous!

What vague progenitors affirm
    Through thee some cherished Circe's art,
And plant the deadly cankerworm
    In the white rose that is thy heart?
Bid to the banquets of my brain
    By what ancestral prompter's cue
Hie hooded shapes of sin and pain,
    With all their ghastly retinue?

What girl whose lips were sweet to hire,
    Bruised with what kisses that destroy,
What frail, pale lad who played with fire
    And made of life a barren toy,
What hoary grim voluptuary
Who hunted pleasure as his quarry,
Foredrained the cup of my desire,
    And spilt unpoured thy wine of joy?

Was there a dim pre-natal hour
    Ere spear-armed fancies sallied hence,
Like priests of Baal, to deflower
    Thine unpolluted innocence?
What goddess mad with what strange ire
    Fills stainless heart of maid or boy
With the love-weariness of Tyre
    And all the secret lusts of Troy
That smoulder in life's dismal pyre?

Madonna nailed unto a tree
Of some perverse fatality
    For sins of others long ago,
Thou art my tragic Columbine,
    I am thy tearful Pierrot!
But being human, not divine,
    There are two masters strong enough
    To make us glad, and one is Love.
The other has a fetid breath . . .

Ah let him tarry! Choose not—Death!
    From my own Calvary I scanned
Thy sorrow. I am love. My hand
Holds the great chalice red with wine,
And my young soul is seared as thine!
The self-same sword has pierced my side,
    With the same lusts my blood abounds,
    And I must love thee for thy wounds
Because I too am crucified.

George Sylvester Viereck

PIERROT IN HALF MOURNING

I, that am Pierrot, pray you pity me!
To be so young, so old in misery:
See me, and how the winter of my grief
Wastes me, and how I whiten like a leaf,
And how, like a lost child, lost and afraid,
I seek the shadow, I that am a shade,
I that have loved a moonbeam, nor have won
Any Diana to Endymion.
Pity me, for I have but loved too well
The hope of the too fair impossible.
Ah, it is she, she, Columbine: again
I see her, and I woo her, and in vain.
She lures me with her beckoning finger tips,—
How her eyes shine for me, and how her lips
Bloom for me, roses, roses red and rich!
She waves to me the white arms of a witch
Over the world: I follow, I forget
All, but she'll love me yet, she'll love me yet.

—*Arthur Symons*

PIERROT

"Pierrot! Pierrot!"
Babette is calling sweet and low,
"Pierrot! Pierrot!"
He rows across, he takes her hand,
And then they float away,
Beside a silent meadowland,
Into the dying day:
And on and on the boat drifts on;
Tomorrow night he will be gone;
"Babette, the world is cold and wide!"
She only nestles to his side,
"O love I care not what it be,
"If only I can be with thee!"
The poplars sigh, the moon is low,
The waters echo as they flow,
"Good-bye, Babette!"
"Good-bye, Pierrot!"

"Babette! Pierrot!"
The birds are calling sweet and low,
"Babette! Pierrot!"
"Babette," he heard them as he passed,
"Babette" his heart replied,
The war is over now at last,
He comes to find his bride.
He sees the bed of marigold,
The wicket open as of old;
"Babette!" he cried, but where is she?
"Babette!" he listens tremblingly;
"Babette, Babette!" his eyes grow dim,
She never more will come to him.
And what is left of long ago?
A little cross where lilies blow;
Alas, Babette!
Alas, Pierrot!

—*Fred E. Weatherly*

AH, PIERROT!

When life was as the spring time,
    And blood was as the wine,
We trod a measure, you and I,—
    Pierrot and Columbine.

But now the dance is ended
    You fain must turn and go,
As is the way of Columbine.
    But Pierrot . . . Ah, Pierrot!

—*Kendall Banning*

PIERROT MOURNS THE DEATH OF PIERRETTE

Ah! was the soul of Cain
More deeply shaken,
At the red dawn of pain,
Or more forsaken?

Ages or hours ago,
Was it the sighing
News came from Bergamo?
Pierrette was dying.

She who had meant so much,
Not to me only,
But whose dear voice and touch
Made life less lonely.

Ages or hours ago,
Was it the hurried
Message from Bergamo
Said she was buried?

Much had she been alone,
Gentle, forgiving,
Rapturous in her own
Wonder at living.

Placid and pale her brow,
Jealousies banished;
Nothing else matters now—
Pierrette has vanished.

Deep in my heart a drouth,
Parching, discloses
Cinders—and in my mouth,
Ashes of roses.

—*William Griffith*

THE TEARS OF HARLEQUIN

To you he gave his laughter and his jest,
His words that of all words were merriest,
His glad, mad moments when the lights flared high
And his wild song outshrilled the plaudits' din.
For you that memory, but happier I—
I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

Not mine those moments when the roses lay
Like red-spilled wine on his triumphant way,
And shouts acclaimed him through the music's beat,
Above the voice of flute and violin.
But I have known his hour of sore defeat—
I—I have known the tears of Harlequin.

Light kisses and light words, they were not mine—
Poor perquisites of many a Columbine
Bought with his laughter, flattered by his jest;
But when despair broke through the painted grin,
His tortured face has fallen on my breast—
I—I have known the tears of Harlequin.

You weep for him, who look upon him dead,
That joy and jest and merriment are fled;
You weep for him, what time my eyes are dry,
Knowing what peace a weary soul may win
Stifled by too much masking—even I—
I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

—*Theodosia Garrison*

THE LAST POET·

The planet slain by lyric pain
Lay crushed against the universe,
And threw off rhyming molecules
And bits of quaint, atomic verse.

The winds that had been torturing
Its surface with their flute-like tones
Were hushed to hear the mountains sing
Their parting diatessarons.

The seas were falling drop by drop
In vain revenge upon the sun,
Seeking to put its glitter out—
The moon into a gold thread spun.

High up upon a distant star
Lolled sleepy-lidded Pierrot,
He plucked the strings of his guitar,
He sang and turned his eyes below. . .

"I like to see the people dead,
I thought it was a merry din;
The rivers were a lovely red,
I lingered at the death of Sin;

"Into the sea I saw one fling
His mistress drunk with love and wine;
I do not care for anything. . .
I only long for Columbine!"

—Orrick Johns

PIERROT

(For Aubrey Beardsley's picture "Pierrot Is Dying.")

Pierrot is dying;
Tiptoe in,
Finger touched to lip,
Harlequin,
Columbine and Clown.

Hush! How still he lies
In his bed,
White slippered hand and white
Sunken head.
Oh, poor Pierrot.

There's his dressing gown
Across the chair,
Slippers on the floor . . .
Can he hear
Us who tiptoe in?

Pillowed high he lies
In his bed;
Listen, Columbine,
"He is dead."
Oh, poor Pierrot.

—*Adelaide Crapsey*

HERE LIES PIERROT

The moon's ashine; by many a lane
Walk wistful lovers to and fro;
It must be like old days again;
How they do love! *Here lies Pierrot.*

She loved me once, did Columbine.
It sets my dusty heart aglow
Merely to lie and dream how fine
Her semblance was,—*Here lies Pierrot!*

Her perfumed presence, silks and lace,
Did madden men and wrought them woe;
For me alone her witching grace.
Where is she now? *Here lies Pierrot.*

We two walked once beneath the moon—
Yellow it hung and large and low—
And listened to the tender tune
Of nightingales,—*Here lies Pierrot!*

Our foolish vows of passion shook
The very stars, they trembled so.
How it comes back, her soft, shy look,
Now I am dead! *Here lies Pierrot!*

These other men and maids who stroll
Through moonlit poplar trees arow,
Does each play the enchanted rôle
We phantoms played? *Here lies Pierrot!*

O joy that I remember yet
Sweet follies of the long ago!
Dear heaven, I would not quite forget!
The moon's ashine; *Here lies Pierrot!*

—*Richard Burton*

THE CURTAIN

The curtain falls: the lights go out
And silence ends the play,
As Columbine and Harlequin
In dust are laid away;
And Pierrot, of the nimble heart,
And frail Pierrette, the star.
So we must laugh and go, my lass—
God's puppets that we are!

Who knows but that their little tricks
Still live, and still amuse?
And Columbine still runs away,
And Pierrot still pursues?
Who knows but that we too shall play
Our parts, and reign supreme
Upon the Stage of Silence, lass,
Within the House of Dream?

—Kendall Banning

A FIN.

So it ends with Pierrot,
So it ends with everything—
Much of love and more of woe,
And at last too tired to sing
And a peace too deep to know.
C'est la fin de Pierrot.

—*Hugh Ferriss*

NOTES

NOTES

INTO this brief anthology have been gathered a few representative poems which picture Pierrot as he has been conceived by the poets. Familiar as he is to children in fairy tale and in drama, verses that celebrate him have been strangely fugitive; but few writers have apparently found inspiration in him for their songs. The terms *Pierrot*, as well as *Columbine*, *Pierrette*, *Harlequin* and other names that figure in his retinue, have been figuratively applied to characters in poetry that otherwise bear little or no resemblance to the creatures of the French and Italian pantomime; not always have they been used with due regard to the traditions that have given to each character a quite definite individuality and symbolism. The poems in this volume have been selected not alone because of their literary merit, but also because they reflect, each in a different key, the peculiarly delicate and arabesque moods of Pierrot as he is known to the early drama, which created and developed him.

For permission to reproduce the poems in this volume, grateful acknowledgments are extended to the editors of *The New Republic*, in whose pages "Mon Ami Pierrot" first appeared; to The Macmillan Co., New York, for the use of "The Birth of Pierrot," "The Rose," and "Pierrot's Song" (reprinted by permission of the authors and publishers; copyright 1915, by The Macmillan Co.); to the editors of *Poetry*, for permission to use "A Watteau Melody" (copyright, 1913, by Harriet Monroe, Chicago); to *Smart Set, Inc.*, New York, for permission to use "Pierrot's House," "Pierrot in Autumn," and "The Last Poet," which originally appeared in the *Smart Set*; to Mitchell Kennerley, New York, for permission to use "At Columbine's Window," "The Memories of Pierrot," "Pierrot Crucified," and "The Tears of Harlequin"; to Sara Teasdale, for permission to use her poem "Pierrot"; to Duffield & Co., New York, for permission to use "Clair de Lune"; to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, for permission to print "The Stay-at-Home," and "The Theatre-Curtain"; to E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, for permission to use "After Watteau"; to Hugh Ferriss, New York, for permission

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In the following list of poems and fantasies are included the names of the publishers who have issued them. The poems marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in full in this book.

PIERROT IN POETRY AND DRAMA

AKINS, ZOË

Pierrot and the Parasol; a poem; Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

**Pierrot and the Peacock's Feather;* a poem; *St. Louis Mirror;* St. Louis.

ALBERTI, P.

**Pierrot Wounded;* a poem; translation by Walter Adolphe Roberts; *New York Times.*

ANONYMOUS

**Au Clair de la Lune;* an old French folksong; published in Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France; G. de Gonet, Paris.

Fantasy, A; a poem: *Punch,* London.

Pantomimes; titles of early English, French and Italian pantomimes and farces, some of which were interpolated into standard theatrical entertainments of the period:

Novelty, or Every Act a Play; The Emperor of the Moon; Harlequin the Bankrupt; Pantaloon with Facanappa; Harlequin Hoax, Drury Lane Theatre; *Harlequin and the Ogress,* Covent Garden; *The House that Jack Built,* Covent Garden; *Harlequin's Invasion,* Drury Lane Theatre; *The Magic Feast,* Covent Garden; *Harlequin Pat and Harlequin Bat,* Covent Garden; *Royal Chace, or Harlequin Skeleton,* Covent Garden, London.

Arlequin Protée; Arlequin Mercure Galant; Pierrot Recompensée; Pierrot Marquis; Le Double Mariage d'Arlequin; Arlequin-Coraline; L'Heureux Désespoir d'Arlequin et de Coraline; Polichinelle Grand Turc; Polichinelle Colin-Maillard; La Noce de Polichinelle et l'Accouchement de sa Femme; Les Amours de Polichinelle; Polichinelle Magicien; Polichinelle à la Guinguette de Vaugirard; Polichinelle Maçon; Polichinelle Don Quichette; Polichinelle Gros-Jean; Arlequin Lingère du Palais; Columbine Avocat; La Malle de Gaultier; Le Cadet de Champagne; Tire la Corde; J'ai la Carpe; Mieux que Devant; La Farce Joyeuse de Maistre Minn, Hotel de Bourgogne; *Les Noces de Pierrot; Les Deux Pierrots; Des Trois Pierrots; Les Deux Blancs;* Théâtre des Funambules: *L'Inganno Fortunato,* Palais-Royal: *La Double Inconstance; Timon; L'Isle des Esclaves; Artémire,* Théâtre Italien, Paris.

Arlequino Protèo; L'Homme à Bonnes; Fortunes; Divorce; L'Empereur dans la Lune; Le Retour de la Foire de Besons, Comédie Italienne; Rome.

Pierrette; A French folksong; published in Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France: G. de Gonet, Paris.

Polichinelle; ibid.

Puppets; a motion picture play; Triangle Film Corporation, New York.

ARKELL, REGINALD

Colombine; a fantasy; Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., London.

BANNING, KENDALL

Garden of Punchinello, The; a pantomime-ballet, with music by Harvey Worthington Loomis; Herbert Brenon Film Corporation, New York.

Bypaths in Arcady; a book of poems including *Ah, Pierrot!; *By Lantern Light; *Curtain, The; Love Is as the Wind Is; Rose of Pierrot, The; Wine of Columbine, The; Brothers of the Book, Chicago.

To Columbine; a poem; Boston Music Co., Boston.

BANVILLE, THÉODORE DE

Charming Léandre; a one-act play: translation by B. H. Clark: Samuel French, New York.

Harlequin; a prose poem; Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Kiss; a comedy in one act; Paris.

BARDE, ANDRÉ

Midi à 14 Heures!; a pantomimic revue, with music by Michel Carré; La Cigale, Paris.

La Revue; an extravaganza, in collaboration with Michel Carré; Folies-Bergères, Paris.

BARKER, GRANVILLE

Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden; a play (with Laurence Housman); Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

BARRIE, SIR JAMES MATTHEW

Pantaloon; a one-act play; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BATAILLE, HENRY AND G. ARNOULD

Elles y Sont Toutes; a revue; La Scala, Milan.

BESSIER, FERDINAND

Pierrot's Christmas, A; a pantomime, with music by Victor Monti; Apollo Theatre, London.

BIGOTTINI, SIEUR

Arlequin Esprit Follet; a pantomime; Comédie Italienne, Paris.

BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD

The Shoes That Danced; a poem; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

**Theatre-Curtain, The;* a poem; ibid.

BUCK, MITCHELL S.

La Pomme; a pantomime; Fine Arts Academy, Philadelphia.

BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS

**Pierrot at War;* a poem; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BURTON, RICHARD

**Here Lies Pierrot;* a poem; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BUZZI-PECCIA, A.

Povero Pulcinello; a poem; English version by Geo. Harris, Jr., G. Schirmer, New York.

CARMAN, BLISS

How the Spring Came to Pierrot; a poem.

**Pierrot's House;* a poem; Smart Set Co., Inc., New York.

**Pierrot in Autumn;* a poem; ibid.

CARRÉ, MICHEL

L'Enfant Prodigue; a pantomime; music by André Wormser; Paris.

CHAMPFLEURY (JULES FLEURY)

Pierrot en Afrique; a pantomime; Paris.

Pierrot Marquis; a pantomime; Paris.

Pierrot Pendu; a pantomime; Paris.

Pierrot, Valet du Mort; a pantomime; Paris.

L'Oeuf Rouge et l'Oeuf Blanc; a pantomime; Théâtre des Funambules, Paris.

COLATTO, SIEUR

I Tre Fratelli Gemelli Veneziani; a play; Paris.

CRAPSEY, ADELAIDE

**Pierrot;* a poem; The Manas Press, Rochester, New York.

DEBURAU AND CHARLES

Les Épreuves; a pantomime-harlequinade; Paris.

DELORME, HUGUES

Y a d'Ca; a revue; La Cigale, Paris

DÉSAUGIERS, MARC ANTOINE MADELEINE

Pierre et Pierrette; a poem; published in Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France; G. de Gonet, Paris.

DIBDEN, THOMAS

Harlequin and Mother Goose; a play; Samuel French, New York.

Harlequin in His Element; a pantomime; London.

Harlequin Pedlar; a pantomime; London.

Harlequin Quicksilver; a pantomime; London.

DOBSON, AUSTIN

**After Watteau;* a poem; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

DOWN, OLIPHANT

Maker of Dreams, The; a play; Gowans & Gray, Ltd., London.

DOWSON, ERNEST

Pierrot of the Minute, The; a play; John Lane Co., New York.

**Pierrot and the Moon Maiden;* an excerpt from the above.

DRAPER, RUTH

An Old Story; a pantomime; Comedy Theatre, New York.

DRYDEN, JOHN

Epilogue, from The Silent Woman; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

DUNCAN, WILLIAM CARY

Pierrot and Pierrette; a poem; M. Witmark & Sons, New York.

EVRÉINOV, NICHOLAS

Merry Death, A; A harlequinade; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London.

FERRISS, HUGH

Five Songs of Pierrot; a booklet of poems including *A Fin; Colloquy; *High Moon-Dial, The; Ma Mie Pierrot; Tired Pierrot, The; Tryst; privately printed, St. Louis.

FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON

**Watteau Melody, A;* a poem; *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, Chicago.

FOKINE, MICHEL

Le Carnaval; a pantomime ballet; music by Robert Schumann; the Russian Ballet.

FRAGEROLL, GEORGES

L'Enfant Prodigue; a poem with music; Enoch & Cie., Paris.

GARRICK

Harlequin's Invasion; a pantomime; John Street Theatre, New York.

GARRISON, THEODOSIA

**At Columbine's Window;* a poem; Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

Good-bye, Pierrette; a poem; ibid.

**Memories of Pierrot;* a poem; ibid.

Monsigneur Plays; a poem; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Pierrette; a poem; ibid.

Pierrette; a poem; the McClure Publications, New York.

**Tears of Harlequin, The;* a poem; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE

Pierrot Posthume; a pantomime; Paris.

GOODALE, GRACE

**At a Pantomime;* a poem; John Church Co., New York.

GOODMAN, KENNETH SAWYER

Wonder Hat, The (with Ben Hecht); a one-act play; The Workshop, Chicago.

Dancing Dolls; a one-act comedy; The Stage Guild, Chicago.

A Man Can Only Do His Best; a one-act comedy; ibid.

GOODMAN, MINNIE B.

Pierrot's Valentine; a poem; Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

GRÉTRY, ANDRÉ ERNEST MODESTE

Tableau Parlant, Le; a musical play, Théâtre de Monsieur, Paris.

GRIFFITH, WILLIAM

Loves and Losses of Pierrot; a book of poems, including Pierrette; Forest Oracles; Tryst; Pierrot Gives an Accounting; Pierrot Puzzled; Pierrot in Lodgings; Pierrot the Derelict; *Pierrot Appraises His Friends; Pierrot Makes a Song; The Stricken Pierrot; *The Home-Coming of Pierrette; Pierrot and Pierrette at the Window; The Protest of Pierrot; Pierrot Serenades Invisible Verandahs; Enigma; Pierrot Dispossessed; Reconciliation; Premonition; Omen; *Pierrot Mourns the Death of Pierrette; Pierrette in Memory; Pierrot Writes His Epitaph; Robert J. Shores, New York.

GUITRY, SACHA

Après; a revue; La Cigale, Paris.

HOFMANNSTHAL, HUGO VON
Ariane à Naxos; a one-act opera, with music by Richard Strauss; Stuttgart Theatre, Dresden.

HOMOLLE, DELYS
La Revanche de Pierrot; a one-act comedy; Little Palace, Paris.

HOOD, BASIL
Pierrette and Pierrot; a poem; Chapell & Co., Ltd., London.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE
Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden; a play (with Granville Barker); Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

JOHNS, ORRICK
**Last Poet, The;* a poem; Smart Set Co., Inc., New York.

JOHNSON, MARTYN
Mr. and Mrs. P. Roe; a one-act play; The Little Theatre, Chicago.
**Ghosts;* vers libre; *Others, the Magazine of New Verse,* Grantwood, N. J.

KEIM, ALBERT
Le Dieu Vert; a one-act play; Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, Paris.

KNOX, AMSTELL
Pierrot to Pierrette; a poem; The Century Co., New York.

LANIER, SIDNEY
**Harlequin of Dreams, The;* a poem; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LECLERCQ, PAUL
A Story in White; a prose poem; Harper & Brothers, New York.

LEFRANC AND DECOURCELLE
Pierrot; a carnival in one act; Théâtre Française, Paris.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD
La Folie; a poem; John Lane Co., New York.

LEONCAVALLO, R.
I Pagliacci; an opera; Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ
Pierrot-Romulus; a dramatic parody; Paris.

LIEBERMAN, ELIAS
The Quest of Pierrot; a poem, *Puck,* New York.

LORIN, GEORGES
Pierrot Voleur!; a comedy in one act; Paul Ollendorff, Paris.

LOVEMAN, SAMUEL.
**In Pierrot's Garden;* a poem; Moods Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

MACDONALD, T.

Pierrot and Pierrette; a one-act play; Samuel French, New York.

MACKAYE, PERCY

Thousand Years Ago, A; a play; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Caliban by the Yellow Sands; a pageant: Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

MAIZEROY, RENÉ

Terpsichore; a ballet; Le Palais de Danse, Paris.

MARGUERITTE, PAUL

Death of Pierrot, The; a prose poem; Harper & Brothers, New York.

Pierrot Assasin de sa Femme; un opéra comique; Paris.

MARIVAUX, M.

Prince Travesti; a pantomime; Paris.

La Surprise de l'Amour; ibid.

MARKHAM, VIRGIL

Pierrette; a poem; *The Curtis Monthly;* Staten Island, New York.

MARQUIS, DON

Jesters, The; a poem; Harper & Bros., New York.

Pierrot and Columbine; a poem; *The Evening Sun,* New York.

MARTENS, FREDERICK H.

Pierrot's Serenade; a poem; M. Witmark & Sons, New York.

MARTIN, ALEXIS

Pierrot Magnétiseur; a farce in one act, in collaboration with Robert de la Villehervé; G. Mandot, Paris.

MARTINO, G. DI

Pulcinella; a masque; Teatro Nuove, Naples.

MAUREVERT, ANDRÉ

Pierrot Divorcé; a comedy in one act; Le Théâtre des Variétés, Marseilles.

MENDÈS, CATULLE

Chant d'Habits; un opéra comique; Paris.

Le Cygne; a one-act ballet, with music by Charles Lecocq; Théâtre Nationale de l'Opéra-Comique, Paris.

Docteur Blanc; a pantomime; Folies-Bergères, Paris.

MONTFORT, ALEXANDRE

Bonsoir Monsieur Pantalon et l'Eau Merveilleuse; un opéra comique; Paris.

Gilles Ravisseur; a one-act opera; Paris.

Polichinelle; un opéra comique; words by Augustin Eugène Scribe; Paris.

MURPHY AND FOOTE

The Wishes; a pantomime; Drury Lane Theatre, London.

MUSSET, PAUL DE

La Jettatura, con Pangrazio Bisceyliese; a play; San Carlino Theatre, Naples.

Cassandrino Dilettante; ibid.

Cassandrino Impressario; ibid.

Il Viaggo a Civita-Vecchia; a play; Théâtre-en-Italie, Paris.

NAJAC, RAOUL DE

Faust Marié; a pantomime, with music by Marcel Noël; Le Theatre dans le Monde, Paris.

Le Succube; a pantomime, with music by De Cay; Le Theatre dans le Monde, Paris.

Peau d'Âne; a pantomime, with music by Léon; Paris.

NANTEUIL, GEORGES

Et Patati et Patata; a revue; Les Capucines, Paris.

O'KEEFE

Harlequin Teague; a pantomime; Haymarket Theatre, London.

PATTERSON, MARJORIE

Pierrot's Answer from the Trenches; a poem; *The Tribune*, New York.

PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON

**Stay-at-Home, The;* a poem; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PETERS, WILLIAM THEODORE

Epilogue, for "The Pierrot of the Minute," by Ernest Dowson; Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.

Posies Out of Rings; a book of poems including Pierrot Loquitur; Pierrot's Calendar; *Pierrot's Philosophy; Pierrot and the Statue; Rouge et Noire; John Lane, London.

PORTE, ADOLPH

Pierrette et le Pot au Lait; a poem; published in Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France; G. de Gonet, Paris.

POWELL

Harlequin Amulet; or, the Magic of Mona; a pantomime, Drury Lane Theatre, London.

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH

L'Inconnue; a poem; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PRÉVAS, XAVIER

La Roulotte; pantomimes; La Rue de Paris, Paris.

RANKEN, FRED

Harlequin and Columbine; a poem; Joseph W. Stern & Co., New York.

RICH, JOHN

Orpheus and Eurydice; a pantomime; Drury Lane Theatre, London.

Harlequin Executed; a pantomime; Lincoln's Inn Field's Theatre, London.

Harlequin Sorcerer; ibid.

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RIGGS, GRETCHEN
Pierrot in the Clear of the Moon; a pantomime; The Workshop, Chicago.

RODKER, JOHN
Dutch Dolls, The; vers libre; *Others, the Magazine of New Verse*, Grantwood, N. J.
Lunatic, The; vers libre; ibid.
Twilight I; vers libre; ibid.

ROEDERER, ANTOINE
Pierrot Gourmand et Puni; a carnival farce in one act; privately printed, Paris.

ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON
Colombine; a poem; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SAUVAGE, M. T.
Gille Ravisseur; an opera bouffe in one act, with music by Albert Grisar; Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique, Paris.

STARRETT, VINCENT
Pierrette Lingers; a poem; *The Quill*, Chicago.

SWIFT, JONATHAN
Puppet Show, The; a poem; John & Arthur Arch, London.

SYMONS, ARTHUR
**Pierrot in Half Mourning;* a poem; William Heinemann, London.

TEASDALE, SARA
**Pierrot;* a poem; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
**Pierrot's Song;* a poem; The Macmillan Co., New York.
**Rose, The;* a poem; ibid.
Song for Colin, A; a poem; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
First Night of a Pantomime, The; a poem; Chatto & Windus, London.

THORMOND
Harlequin Dr. Faustus; a pantomime; Drury Lane Theatre, London.

TRUESDELL, FREDERICK
Pierrot's Song; a poem; Ainslee Magazine Co., New York.

UNDERWOOD, WILBUR
Book of Masks, A; including the poems *Au Clair de la Lune; Cryptics; The End; Fantoches; Funambulesque; Masquerade; Pierrot Speaks; Elkin Mathews, London.

VARA, SIL
Pierrot's Drama; a play in one act; Paul Knepler, Vienna.

VERLAINE, PAUL
Choix de Poésies; a book of poems including *Clair de Lune; Columbine; *Pantomime; Pierrot; *Pierrot Gamin; Queer Figures; Bibliothèque-Charpentier, Paris.
(Translations by Gertrude Hall, published by Duffield & Co., New York; translations by Ashmore Wingate, published by The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., London.)

VIERECK, GEORGE SYLVESTER
**Pierrot Crucified;* a poem; Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

WALSH, THOMAS
**Birth of Pierrot, The;* a poem; The Macmillan Co., New York.

WALKER, STUART
Pierrot Pines; a poem; *The McMicken Review*, Cincinnati.
**Pierrot Plays;* a poem; ibid.

WEATHERLY, FRED E.
I Pagliacci; a translation of the libretto of the opera by Leoncavallo; Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.
Pierrette's Song; a poem; Boosey & Co., New York.
**Pierrot;* a poem; Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.
Pierrot's Lament; a poem; Ricordi & Co., New York.
Punchinello; a poem; G. Schirmer, New York.

WEAVER, JOHN
Harlequin Turn'd Judge; a pantomime; Drury Lane Theatre, London.

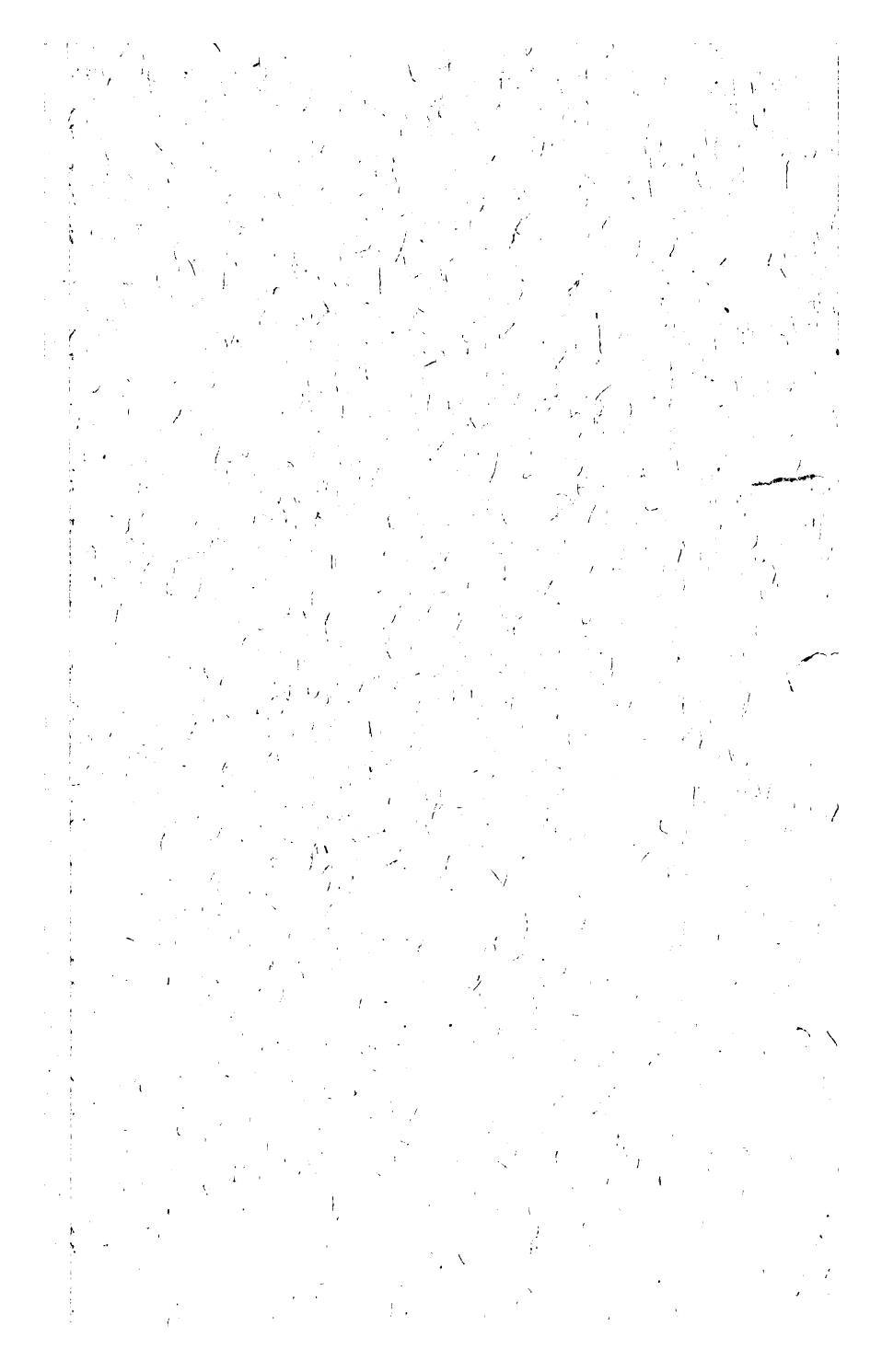
WHARTON, THOMAS
**Away, Pierrot!;* a poem; G. Schirmer, New York.
Chanson de Bobbo, Le; a poem; Harper & Brothers, New York.

WIDDEMER, MARGARET
**Song of Pierrot, The;* a poem; John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

WOLFF, PIERRE
Le Secret de Polichinelle; a play; Gymnase Dramatique, Paris.

HERE ends this book of songs and fantasies called *Mon Ami Pierrot*, which has been compiled, with bibliographical notes, by Kendall Banning, arranged in this form by Laurence C. Woodworth, Scrivener, and printed for the Brothers of the Book at the press of The Faithorn Company, Chicago, 1917.

Incipit Vita Nova



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